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CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

To Correſpondents - - - Page 194
The Loiterer—No. II. - - - - - 195
Reflection on the ancient Druids - - - - - - - - - - - - - 197
View of the Sect of the Stoics 199
Appeal to puerile Humanity - 200
Memoirs of William Collins, with Obſervations on his Genius and Writings - - - - - - - - - - 203
Hiſtory of a reformed College Rake - - - - - - - - - - - 209
Reverie in an Evening Walk - 214
Church Muſic - - - - - - - - 215
Anecdote - - - - - - - - - - - 216
Propoſal of a general Name for the United States - - - - - - - 217
Memoir of Mrs. Inchbald - - 218
The Collectanea; or, Magazine in Miniature—No. I. - - - - - 224

POETRY.

Addreſs to Sleep - - - - - - - 229
Purity of Thought - - - - - - 230
Elegy on the Death of a Young Friend - - - - - - - - - - 231
Inſcription over a calm and clear Spring - - - - - - - - - - 232

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Brief Retroſpect of the Eighteenth Century, by Samuel Millar, A. M. - - - - - - - - - 233
Monthly Catalogue of New Publications in the United States - 236
Literary Advertiſements - - - 238
Miſcellaneous Notices - - - - 240

"E VARIIS LECTI FLORES."

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PERSE.

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1804.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

" A NATIONAL MAN," *though a ſtranger, is admitted and welcomed. We hope, that we ſhall never be able to liken him to the gueſt in an old Ballad, when*

" He came, he ſpoke, he warmly pleaſed ;
Then fled,—and ne'er was heard of more !"

" AN IRREGULAR ODE," *by* Z. *is received, and ſhall appear in our next* NUMBER. *" May this firſt favour never prove the laſt."*

The REQUEST *of a diſtant friend concerning an Extract, arrived too late for preſent attention ; but it will gain a willing compliance on the firſt apportunity.*

The POEM, *extracted by* C. *will appear in our next ; he diſcovers not only ſuperior ſkill in penmanſhip ; but a correct taſte in genuine ſentimental humour.*

We lately received a paper, thickly ſprinkled with deſultory thoughts, together with a requeſt that we would entitle them. We muſt inform the writer, that we cannot receive his work ; but if he perſiſts in giving it to the public, we will recommend the title of THE FLY-TRAP.

ERRATA IN THIS NUMBER.

Page 202, line 9 from the bottom, eraſe the comma after *who.*
In the ſame page, line 6 from the bottom, for *trifling* r. *ſtifling.*
In page 203, line 6 from the top, for
But when *the* leaden-footed power,
Read, But when *night*, leaden-footed power,
In line 11 of the ſame page, for
That love, at laſt, of inſect breed,
Read, The Fays, that love the inſect breed.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MARCH, 1804.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE LOITERER.—*No. II.*

"I fear no mood, ſtamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd to unmaſk a public vice.

.....

So bold and common are theſe ragged follies,
That drunken cuſtom would not ſhame, were he
By ſcorn purſu'd, who dares not rifely tax them."

FASHIONABLE prejudice, though it may ſometimes aſſume the mien of innocence and virtue, not only bewilders the ſearch of improvement, but often leads into errors, that are accompanied with miſchief and ruin. Even in ſocieties, where reaſon in lovely ſimplicity beckons for addreſs, and learning offers her brighteſt treaſures for the eaſy return of acceptance, this prejudice will be frequently found to derive its origin and power from preſumptuous ignorance. In ſpite of the ridicule, or ſevere reproof, which it always incurs, in ſpite of its own aſinary vanity, or fiend-like deformity, which are ever open to the eye of reflection, it ſtill triumphantly prevails. Faſhion has given it influence; and the inability of faſhion to maintain any abſurdity, implies the depoſition of folly from her throne.

They, who entruſt the decoration of their perſons to a taylor, very ſeldom trouble him, or themſelves, by examining his judgment in real convenience and ornament. His ſkill in the neweſt modes of cutting and ſeaming, is the great, and only object of their ſolicitude. He, at one time, thinks on leſſening his labour and preſerving the cuſtomary price; at another time, he is inclined to diſplay more work, for the reputation of his *magniloquent* bill. He proceeds however according to his prevalent caprice, and thus forms that fantaſtic deity of dreſs,

who, inveſted merely with the attribute of novelty, attracts the devout gaze of more admirers, than all the beauties of nature. This unquiet Proteus, though begotten by the whim of a taylor, is endowed with the wonderful art of conciliating the affections of reverence and love, in the very act of inflicting tribulation. With that quick obedience, which is prompted only by the higheſt regard, the enfeebled victim of time urges his aching gouty limbs into his narrow ſuit; the gewgaw beau, pranked with cramping tightneſs, freely exchanges the agility of youth, for the clumſy hobble of age; the fair, as well as the foul female, in a ſhadowy attire encounters the rough addreſſes of the wind, though it be often armed in ſecret with the arrows of death; it is the dictate of faſhion, and they all ſubmiſſively endure the affliction.

To a ſource, not far different, too often may be traced the devious current of popular opinion. In a country, where the ſplendour of mental embelliſhment can be totally eclipſed by the daub of a houſe, the varniſh of a carriage, or the poliſh of buttons; where the ſtupid cant of a gilded dunce has charms more enamouring, than all the melody of an Orphean lyre, falſe and ſhallow notions will eaſily become public and influential. If, according to the Spaniſh proverb, fools can gain wealth,—and that they can, all needy authors cry aloud in all their works,—they can likewiſe gain an adequate power in ſociety, while wealth continues to be more reſpected than wiſdom. Opinion, it is well known, is moſt implicitly received from authorities, which call forth the moſt earneſt attention and reverence. As long, then, as folly can find an extended umbrage, the crude ſentiment of an unenlightened dolt may often obtain common and undiſputed credit among the multitude, who ſeldom think ſeriouſly, and when they do, think with the thoughts of their leaders. But an abſurd prejudice, however ſtrong may be its prevalence and credit, muſt, we well know, be offenſive to reaſon and truth; and though the faſhion of it may protect individuals from ridicule, it can never prevent thoſe evils, which muſt through neceſſity enſue.

Theſe reflections are deſigned as preliminary to ſome thoughts on the injury ariſing from the preſent heedleſs clamour

againſt the reading of novels. I have lately received a letter from a fair correſpondent, in which ſhe fairly deſcribes, and patheticalⁱy laments the progreſs of inſipid dulneſs among her ſex, in conſequence of this witleſs and unqualified ſatire. It is too long for inſertion in this paper; but it ſhall compoſe the next; and as ſubſequent to her letter, I ſhall offer my remarks on the evils in her ſtatement.

For the Monthly Anthology.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

THERE is, in common apprehenſion, a peculiar ſtigma of reproach attached to the memory of the ancient druids. They not only ſuſtain their portion of the contempt, caſt upon heathen prieſts in general, but they ſeem to have united in their character both odium and terror. Men, on hearing the word druids, figure to themſelves a tribe of ſavages, deſpicable for their ignorance, their fanaticiſm and their extortion, and abominable for their murderous ſacrifices. We read of them, when firſt invaded by the Roman legions, terrifying, by their frantic geſtures and their horrid yells, thoſe veterans, whom the carnage of battle could notdiſmay. They are repreſented, as flying in every direction before their invaders, accompanied by women in hideous dreſs, brandiſhing torches over their heads, and filling the air with imprecations. We view them rearing their altars on which they immolate their priſoners, and on which they become themſelves, in retaliation, the deſerved victims. But while we recoil from the druids, there is ſtill ſomething in them myſterious, ſomething, which excites admiration, and forbids our degrading them below other ancient prieſts.

To the primitive inhabitants of Europe, there has been aſcribed one common origin. As this has been traced to one of the original patriarchs, it is probable, Europe received by deſcent ſome rational principles of religion. The policy of deſigning prieſts, or the gradual tendency of rude minds to ſuperſtition, introduced that wild religion of nature, polytheiſm. The

ſuſceptible imaginations of Britons ſoon became fired by that zeal, which has in ſucceſſive ages diſtinguiſhed the politics, as well as religion of England. There the druids were firſt diſtinguiſhed for their knowledge in ſacred myſteries, for the independence of their rank, and the veneration, with which they impreſſed the people. In thoſe dark ages, and in that benighted region, where the effulgence of Grecian genius had not darted one ray, it is grateful to ſee one order of men riſe above the proſtrate maſs, and cultivate philoſophy and letters. Then were the people ignorant of that leiſure of thought, which ariſes from abundance; and ſociety wanted thoſe numerous gradations, which afford opportunity to the humbleſt individual of riſing. There was no object, upon which the human mind could extend itſelf. Yet then did the druids invoke in native ſtrains the ſpirits of departed worthies. While the people could not cultivate the ſoil under their feet, the druids were meaſuring the diſtance of the ſtars.

The heathen prieſthood are generally repreſented not ſo ſuperſtitious, as wicked. It is imagined that the druids had ſecret tenets, which acknowledged the unity of God and the immortality of man; but it was their intereſt to encourage abſurd opinions and expenſive ceremonies. Thus they occaſionally collected followers, and with them retired to diſmal caves in the receſſes of their groves, where at midnight they would repeat the verſes, which contained the myſteries of their creed. Though there were druideſſes, they were precluded from theſe ſecrets, as it was deemed improper to entruſt ſo dangerous truths to the unguarded garrulity of women.

There are ſome obſervances, which exalt the ſuperſtition of the druids above that of other prieſts. What are called their temples may be called buildings erected by the Deity. They were receſſes in groves of venerable oaks. They were encloſed by a wall to prevent the intruſion of the profane, and in the centre, a plain ſtone altar announced the ground to be conſecrated. They deemed it unworthy to exclude the view of heaven, while they directed their eyes in worſhip there. As they conſidered the ſun and moon to be primary deities, they wiſhed them to ſhine upon their heads with uninterrupted radiance, as a token of their indulgence. Thus when the ſun reached the meridian

was the time, when they performed their daily rites. Then they believed the God was looking upon them, and by various contortions of body, by ſacrifices and hymns of praiſe, they ſought to conciliate his favour, or avert his anger. But midnight was their favourite ſeaſon of devotion. The thickneſs of their groves caſt a deeper ſhade over the darkneſs of the night. All conſpired to ſolemnize the ſcene, and to add reverence to the rites of their religion. To what exceſſes in fanaticiſm would the people be wrought by ceremonies ſo impreſſive. View them at midnight marching with ſolemn pace under their ancient oaks, whoſe thick branches obſcured the "dim religious" light, which the moon afforded. Follow them to the centre of their groves, and view the prieſts ſtanding on an eminence, dictating the duties of their religion. Arrayed in his ſurplice, he now aſcends the loftieſt oak, and with his golden knife crops the miſtletoe from its boughs. This is a token of the indulgence of the gods. The populace, who before ſtood wrapt in devotion and ſilence, now burſt forth in anthems of praiſe, while the receſſes of the woods reſound the melody.

Is it not remarkable, that ſuperſtition has uniformly inſpired zeal, while true religion, unleſs invigorated by perſecution, has been doomed to languiſh? Is it not a melancholy truth, that in the worſt cauſes we find the moſt ſtrenuous agents, and in the abſurdeſt religions, the moſt fervent devotees?

I. R. T.

MR. EDITOR,

THE pleaſure I received from the dialogue of Antoninus and Ariſtides in your laſt, as well as my veneration for Marcus, the royal Philoſopher, emboldens me to requeſt you to inſert in the next number of the Anthology, Monteſquieu's comprehenſive view

OF THE SECT OF THE STOICS.

THE ſeveral ſects of philoſophy amongſt the ancients, were a ſpecies of religion. Never were any principles more worthy of human nature, and more proper to form the good man, than thoſe of the Stoics: and if I could for a moment ceaſe to think that I am a Chriſtian, I ſhould not be able to hinder myſelf from ranking the deſtruction of the ſect of Zeno among the misfortunes that have befallen the human race.

It carried to exceſs only thoſe things in which there is true greatneſs, the contempt of pleaſure and of pain.

It was this ſect alone, that made citizens; this alone, that made great men; this alone, great emperors.

Laying aſide for a moment revealed truths, let us ſearch through all nature, and we ſhall not find a nobler object than the Antonini: even Julian himſelf, Julian, (a commendation thus wreſted from me, will not render me an accomplice of his apoſtacy) no, there has not been a prince ſince his reign more worthy to govern mankind.

While the Stoics looked upon riches, human grandeur, grief, diſquietudes, and pleaſure, as vanity; they were entirely employed in labouring for the happineſs of mankind, and in exerciſing the duties of ſociety. It ſeems as if they regarded that ſacred ſpirit, which they believed to dwell within them, as a kind of favourable providence watchful over the human race.

Born for ſociety, they all believed that it was their deſtiny to labour for it; with ſo much the leſs fatigue, as their rewards were all within themſelves. Happy by their philoſophy alone, it ſeemed as if only the happineſs of others could increaſe theirs.

For the Monthly Anthology.

APPEAL TO PUERILE HUMANITY.

Mr. Perse,

ALTHOUGH it is not yet the ſeaſon for bird catching and neſt robbing, the muſe having lately obſerved a ſolitary ſtraggler on the ſpray, was reminded of the various perils, to which the feathered race is ſubject. And always willing to adopt ſuch prejudices and even ſuperſtitions as contain a warning againſt inhumanity or furniſh a motive for beneficence and gentle demeanor, ſhe has availed herſelf of thoſe of childhood to inculcate her admonitions on this occaſion. If therefore, before the miſchief is begun, the ſubſequent caution is calculated to diminiſh thoſe perils, or when nature ſhall have made every preparation for the delight and happineſs of her favourites, it may prevail upon human kind to leave them as undiſturbed as they are innocent, to live out all the few days of their rejoicing, undoubtedly you will publiſh it for the ſake of its good intent, if not for its poetical worth.

O ſtay, O ſtay, nor raſhly climb,
Unfeeling boy, that bowery limb!
If you its charge of neſtlings ſteal,
Short be the tranſport that you feel!

May ſpeedy anguiſh rack his ſenſe,
Who orphaniſes innocence !
How will their mother be diſtreſt,
Returning to a pilfer'd neſt,
How faſt her bleeding heart will beat,
Its choaking throbs how thick repeat ;
Too weak to call them, or relief,
How dizzy flutter, craz'd with grief !
And when her voice return'd, ſhe'd go
Arouſt on yonder leafleſs bough ;
The woodland dirge there pour forlorn,
" Ah, where's my darling Redbreaſt gone !
Tell me, ah tell me where he's lain !"
While echo mocks, " he's ſlain, he's ſlain !"
Ah, ſhould ſhe ſee you with her young,
And, with articulating tongue,
Could ſhe then ſpeak her feeling true,
She'd melt to pity, even you.
Then while you paus'd from your intent,
Diverted by the ſtrange event,
She'd ſeize the moment to retain
Your thoughts by an inſtructive ſtrain.
Yes, then her artful ſong would tell,
What loftier hopes the boſom ſwell,
Which milk of human kindneſs warms,
In childhood's days, when paſtime charms ;
Sing of the ſoul ſuſceptible,
The eye, that others' ſorrows fill ;
With pearls juſt penſile to the lid,
Which dropping wakes the bluſh of pride,
Sing of prevenient courteſy,
The glow of ſoft humanity ;
All the rebounding joys, that riſe
From all the liberal charities :
For themes not ſeldom ſuch as theſe,
Float vagrant on the vernal breeze,
In tones, the foreſt minſtrels ſcan,
Though loſt unto the ear of man.

Then if, (reſum'd th' intreating ſtrain,)
She beg again, and beg again,
Her callow loves, and plead and mourn,
That lonely life is life forlorn ;
Or, (indicating thus how great
The robb'ry, ſhe would deprecate)
Declare, that pleaſure pours its courſe,
Alone deriv'd from ſocial ſource ;
While ſuch, as love and are belov'd,
Have Eden's choiceſt tranſports prov'd,
And ſuch, as know like home-bred peace,
From life muſt ceaſe, when that ſhall ceaſe.
By means of which, ſhould once a thought
Of your own home in you be wrought,
With ſympathy you'd ſurely melt,
Till then for animals unfelt.
How joyleſs, games of ſanguine hue,
Compar'd with gentler ſportings, ſhew,
You felt e'erwhile ; for on yon rock,
Sitting, to eye below the brook,
How greater pleaſure took you then,
Feeding the minnow fry therein
With crumbles, in your pocket found,
And tracing all their gambols round,
Than when, with pin hook'd in their throat,
Writhing in pangs, you twitch'd them out.
You, that the Swallow's death abhorr'd,
For fear your meal of milk outpour'd,
Soon as you blew your cool breath o'er,
Would curdle into purple gore ;
Expect you long to go unhurt,
Who, thus in torturing Robins ſport ?
Remember you the cruel day,
A bee-hive fell your luckleſs prey,
When, taught by heartleſs ruſtics, you
With trifling ſmoke its inmates ſlew :
Not unreveng'd theſe inſects prove,
For, whilom loſt in yonder grove,
When you on marge of ſtreamlet lay,
All tir'd and wiſtleſs of your way ;

No wild bee's lulling horn humm'd near,
To tranquilize decideleſs care;
No gloſſy flies t' amuſe your gaze,
Thrid o'er its face th' illuſive maze.
But when the leaden-footed power
Lagg'd ſurlily the landſcape o'er;
Afar, the glow-worm lit up bright
The ſemblance of a cottage light,
The while, as its long levell'd ray
You trac'd, you wander'd more aſtray—
That love, at laſt, of inſect breed,
Thus puniſhed your hard-hearted deed.

CINDERILLUS.

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS;
WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

(Continued from page 128.)

ODE
ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the ſpirit of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account, that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgment of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted. Thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy, that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined, than the creation of the *Ceſtus* of Fancy in this ode. The allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime; and the obſervation, that the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds, that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood appearances, of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

* * *

ODE TO MERCY.

THE ode written in 1746, and the ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy aud deluded wretches, who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices:

Βοσρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.———

"What new Alcæus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

"With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on the account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the ſmall Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover, the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

"——When the favour'd of the choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

"Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd."

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the ſecond, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe it. *Deſormeaux*, in his *Abregé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne*, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings. "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faiſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir *l'Alcavala*, ce tribute onéreux qui avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

"————Mona,
Where thouſand Elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places, where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

ODE,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY. WRITTEN MAY, MDCCXLV.

THE iambic kind of numbers, in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs to obſerve, that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos; and there ſurely appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's collection of poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſeem to have been vain,

at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyric, than to the heroic meaſure, ſince, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this, we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyric muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce. Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verſe has met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgment in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, has left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think, that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome *ſoften'd* ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its *ſtillneſs* ſuit;
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial, lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the verſification of this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtic of his genius. In one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings:

" For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves,
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy:

" Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation,

" That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds and ſwelling floods;

and, through the world, his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting:

———and marks o'er all
The dewy fingers draw
The gradual, duſky veil."

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired, by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Anthology.

HISTORY OF A REFORMED COLLEGE RAKE.

LETTER II.—To Studiosus.

DEAR CLASSMATE,

I RECEIVED your letter of a recent date, in which you appear anxious to know the preſent ſtate of my mind. You juſtly remark, that my conduct at the Univerſity was totally inconſiſtent with the ſacred profeſſion I have choſen.

I am fully ſenſible of the truth of your obſervation, and reflect with ſhame and ſelf-reproach on the part I then acted. Like a faithful monitor, you entreated me to forſake my fooliſh and vicious courſes. You reminded me of my profeſſed reſolutions to preach. But I was too much devoted to idleneſs, or pleaſure to regard your prudent admonitions. They ſeemed to me rather the dictates of a phlegmatic mind, than the wiſe counſels of a ſincere friend.

I acknowledge, that I entered the Univerſity with the deſign of becoming a goſpel miniſter. But I ſoon forgat my errand. Too eaſily was I perſuaded to ſwim down the current of popular errors and vices. Some of them were ſuch, as I bluſh to mention. I cannot deny, that profaneneſs was of the number. Nor will I conceal my groſs neglect of prayers, recitations, and lectures, my indifference to public worſhip, and my total diſregard of ſelf-examination and private devotion.

I will leave you to conjecture the reſt, when I confeſs, that I often ſpent unſeaſonable hours at the Capital, aſſumed fictitious names, and aſſociated with thoſe, who had nothing to recommend them, but an eager purſuit of the ſame licentious pleaſures with myſelf.

Among your frequent reproofs I ſhall never forget one, which you adminiſtered with great zeal and plainneſs, after I had conſumed the principal part of the night in the exceſs of riot. You conjured me by a combined regard to health, reputation, literary and moral improvement, to enter on a new courſe of life. You aſſured me, what ſad experience has ſince verified, that I ſhould ſooner or later repent my raſhneſs and folly.

The firſt effect of your faithful admonition was to throw me into a violent paſſion. I could not endure, that an equal ſhould aſſume ſuch dictatorial authority. I adviſed you to look at home, and not boaſt of ſuperior virtue, becauſe nature had endued you with apathy of ſoul.

But I ſoon had recourſe to another method to ſilence you. I endeavoured to allure you by degrees into the vices, to which I had become addicted. For this purpoſe I frequently beſet you with ſome of my moſt intereſting companions. In your preſence we enlarged upon our numerous pleaſures. We hoped in ſome ſportive moments to gain acceſs to your heart. We watched every favourable opportunity to converſe upon topics of love, knowing that, if we could by any means inflame your breaſt with an unhallowed paſſion, we ſhould ſecure more than half of our object.

But to your credit be it acknowledged, our moſt ingenious devices proved fruitleſs. You perſiſted in your integrity, and left us to curſe your obſtinacy.

So much was my time occupied by frivolous and vicious purſuits, that my ſtudies were groſsly neglected. The ſolid ſciences I deſpiſed. Nor could I read with pleaſure any thing but the lighteſt novels. Ah! little did I conſider the ſacred employment, upon which I was about to enter! Elſe I could not have devoted to balls, theatrical exhibitions, and thoughtleſs diſſipation thoſe precious moments, which ought to have been conſecrated to diligent ſtudy.

When I obſerved ſome of my cotemporaries making rapid improvements in ſcience, and gaining reputation with the government and the reſpectable part of their fellow-ſtudents, I will not deny, that I felt emotions of ſhame. But habit ſoon triumphed over occaſional contrition. The next aſſociation with my comrades diſpelled all ſcruples. With one conſent we imputed the cloſe application of others to a mean deſire of college honours, and their refuſal to join in our ſports to a fear of cenſure. As for ourſelves, we felt above ſuch grovelling views. We were not deterred from ſocial joys by the dread of loſing appointments; nor were we prevented from "a high go" by the danger of "raiſing a tutor."

Such was then our inconſiderate reaſoning. But I own to you, my dear friend, that my ſentiments have ſince undergone an entire alteration.

The very day after I commenced a bachelor of arts, the miſt, which had for a long time obſcured my mental viſion, began to vaniſh. I ſaw my own character in a juſter light, than ever. I was mortified, that my performance at commencement was not equal to what my friends expected. To tell the truth, I had hired a claſſmate to write it; and he, not feeling the ſame reſponſibility, as if it were his own, had written it indifferently.

But what moſt diſtreſſed me was the conſciouſneſs, that I had laid no foundation for the profeſſion I contemplated.

My firſt reſolution was to inſtruct a ſchool. But I had the mortification to find, that thoſe ſteady claſſmates, whom I uſed to ridicule and deſpiſe, had the earlieſt and beſt applications. Beſides, I did not chooſe to reſide near the Univerſity or my native town, leſt the report of my collegial character ſhould deſtroy my reputation with my employers, and injure my authority with my pupils. I was hence induced to accept a moderate offer in an obſcure town, where I hoped to lie concealed, till I ſhould gain a character, which would not dread examination.

In this ſecluded place I found but few books. The clergyman of the pariſh was ſo much of a farmer, as to be able to afford me but little inſtruction. I had conſequently the more time for reflection. The more I reflected, the more did I condemn and reſolve to renounce the follies of my paſt life.

By degrees I abſtained from ſociety. My ſoul became involved in all the horrors of melancholy. I ſometimes meditated the laſt ſad act of deſperation, as my only relief from remorſe and dread.

But, God's mercy be praiſed, I was "as a firebrand plucked out of the burning." Inſtead of abandoning myſelf to deſpair, I had recourſe to fervent devotion and attentive peruſal of the ſacred Scriptures. Having by me ſome elementary authors in Greek, I applied myſelf to the ſtudy of this neglected language, and found great aſſiſtance in underſtanding and retaining the ſenſe of difficult texts. In the family, where I

boarded, was one volume of an old commentator. Thus was my attention gradually turned toward a critical examination of the Bible.

In this ſituation I continued a year. Almoſt every day freſh light and comfort ruſhed upon my mind, till I had ſatisfactory evidence, that I was a ſincere penitent.

I will not particularly relate to you the various exerciſes of my mind during this critical period. Suffice it to ſay, that I was emboldened to make a Chriſtian profeſſion, and have ever ſince lived in ſome good meaſure agreeably to its ſolemn obligations.

I will not conceal from you my mingled emotions, the firſt commencement I attended after my remarkable reformation. The old companions of my vicious purſuits welcomed me with profane and noiſy tranſports. But how ſoon were they ſtricken dumb, when informed of the alteration in my character, and when I avoided them for more congenial ſociety.

Meeting my more ſerious fellow-ſtudents, they at firſt ſhunned me, as an intruder. They imagined, that I muſt have aſſumed the garb, without the heart, of a Chriſtian miniſter. How great was their joy, when certified of my amendment! I can truly declare, that the enjoyments of that day exceeded in ſolid worth all the pleaſures, I had ever experienced in vicious courſes.

As ſoon as I could gain approbation, I began to preach. But often was I wounded to the quick, on hearing it inſultingly aſked by ſome, though honeſtly by others, "Is Saul alſo among the prophets?" Is it poſſible, that he, who was formerly ſo diſſipated, can be ſincere in his religious profeſſions? Such circumſtances have ſerved to harrow my ſoul; though I hope they have given riſe to profitable ſelf-examination.

When I was ordained, it was my ſincere wiſh, that my paſt errors might be forgotten, or, at leaſt, that they might never be reported within the bounds of my pariſh. This was not becauſe I wiſhed to act the odious part of a hypocrite; but becauſe I knew, that ſuch rumours would anſwer no valuable purpoſe among my pariſhioners; and they might do much harm. Yet how vain are all ſuch precautions! Let none preſume to commit unworthy actions with the hope of concealment, either

from companions in guilt, or from remoteneſs of ſituation. "A bird of the air ſhall carry the voice, and that which hath wings, ſhall tell the matter." I ſoon found, that my youthful foibles and vices were not concealed from my people. My friends often alluded to them to ſhow the imperfection of man, and my enemies to palliate their own miſconduct.

It is a moſt painful conſideration, that I have thus given "occaſion to the enemies of the Lord to blaſpheme." When I preach againſt certain vices of the times, I can eaſily trace in the countenances of my young auditors, that ſo far from taking my obſervations to themſelves, they invariably apply them to the preacher.

That my paſt life affords ſuch grounds of cenſure, I find to be a very ſerious inconvenience in my profeſſion. It leſſens my influence over offenders, both as they plead my former example in their defence, and as it checks my freedom of reproof.

It is now my ſincere wiſh to guard the young, eſpecially thoſe deſigned for the miniſtry, againſt the unhappy miſtakes, which I have committed. Early caution will ſave them many a pang. They ſhould abſtain from the very appearance of evil, as well as from poſitive vice, if they would preſerve that conſiſtency of character, which becomes a herald of evangelical purity. Like Ceſar's wife, they muſt be free not only from guilt, but even from ſuſpicion.

I can honeſtly declare, that I have had no fruit in thoſe things, of which I am now aſhamed. I regret my former ill choſen connexions, indolent habits, and vicious practices. I particularly lament the uncharitable judgments I uſed to form reſpecting ſeveral diſtinguiſhed divines. I now find, that I ſhall in vain hope to equal thoſe, whom I once heard with contempt.

I have been thus particular in my reply to your favour, that you may be aſſured of my reformation, and that you may caution all whom it may concern, within the circle of your acquaintance, againſt the like neceſſity.

With ſincere friendſhip I am yours,

M. Y.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REVERIE IN AN EVENING WALK.

"An undevout aſtronomer is mad."

"GREAT and marvellous are thy works, Lord, God Almighty; juſt and true are all thy ways, thou King of ſaints." Such is the warm and elevated language of inſpiration. Such are the ſentiments of piety and love.

The exiſtence of a Being infinitely good, wiſe and powerful, is ſo ſtrikingly diſplayed on all the works of creation, that to doubt it ſhows ingratitude, to deny it, impiety. "Every thing giveth proof of God; every thing, that proveth it, giveth cauſe of adoration." Let the bold infidel attentively examine the beauty and grandeur of the univerſe; and conſider the conſtitution of his own nature, fearfully and wonderfully made. Let him reflect on the revolutions of the ſeaſons, and the charming diverſity, they afford. Let him contemplate the lively bloom of ſpring, the rich ſplendour of ſummer, the ripe luxuriance of autumn, and the hoary face of winter;

"Or look abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres,
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe."

Will not the ſurvey of ſcenes, ſo beautiful, ſo wonderful, ſo magnificent and ſublime, teach him to confeſs the exiſtence, admire the wiſdom, adore the goodneſs, and revere the majeſty of the Moſt High? Will it not diſſipate the horrid gloom of his thoughts, and diffuſe the holy light of religion over his mind? He, who will not be convinced by truths, ſo manifeſt and impreſſive,

"Is loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul."

He has perverted the gifts of nature, and degraded the dignity of humanity. He is unworthy to participate the bleſſings of ſocial intercourſe, or to enjoy the eſteem of his fellow-creatures. He ſhould be conſidered as an alien to ſociety, an enemy to man, and an object of contempt.

Although a clear evidence of divine perfection may be derived from examining the wonderful ſtructure of the body, and the noble faculties of the ſoul; from contemplating the lower or-

ders of creation, and the delightful varieties of the earth; yet when we raiſe our view, and ſurvey "the ſpacious firmament on high," where

"Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres, centres roll;"

our belief is ſtrengthened, and our admiration is increaſed. We cannot but exclaim with the Pſalmiſt, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy work." He, who can behold theſe ſplendid objects of almighty power with indifference, muſt either poſſeſs the coldneſs of infidelity, or, in the forcible language of our motto, muſt be mad.

In contemplating the heavens, there is a pleaſure, which, to a pious and reflecting mind, is far more pure and ſublime, than any other employment can afford. It is a pleaſure, derived from the ſweeteſt and moſt refined affections of the heart; from the affections of love, gratitude and devotion.

At the ſolemn hour of night, when every breath is peace, and not a cloud obſcures the ſerenity of the heavens, who can behold the "blue ethereal ſky," ſpangled with innumerable ſtars,

"Forever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine,"

without glowing with admiration for wonders, ſo magnificent, without feeling adoration for their great Creator?

"There is a noble pathos in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts."

The mind is exalted by their majeſty and enlightened by their ſplendour. Imagination is awakened; and while our eyes are elevated above the earth, we ſeem to approach nearer to the preſence of that almighty Being, "who hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a ſpan, and comprehended the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighed the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance."

ALCANDER.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

CHURCH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is nothing more diſcordant to my feelings, than moſt of the muſic, with which our temples are at preſent profaned.

Moſt of our modern pieces would better ſuit the fiddlers of a ball-room, than the choir of our churches. They are compoſed, in general, by boors as ignorant of the principles of muſic, as the rules of propriety, and unfortunately are ſelected by inſtructors, who have not more correct perceptions. I have long wiſhed for ſome interference on the part of the good and pious. But they ſleep, and they ſuffer. I wiſh the following extract (from T. Collyer) would awaken them to ſome regard to the ſubject, and that we may no longer be diſturbed in our devotions by the hurried and jigging meaſures of tunes, which are as improper, as inharmonious.

"One word on Church Muſic, and I have done. The end of Church Muſic is to relieve the wearineſs of a long attention; to make the mind more cheerful and compoſed; and to endear the offices of religion. It ſhould therefore imitate the perfume of the Jewiſh Tabernacle, and have as little of the compoſition of common uſe as is poſſible. There muſt be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes; nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raiſe an improper thought: this would be to profane the ſervice, and bring the play-houſe into the Church. Religious harmony muſt be moving, but noble withal; grave, ſolemn, and ſeraphic: fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear. It ſhould be contrived ſo as to warm the beſt blood within us, and take hold of the fineſt part of the affections; to tranſport us with the beauty of holineſs; to raiſe us above the ſatisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven."

ANECDOTE.

CALISTO, an Athenian harlot, had the impudence to tell Socrates, that her profeſſion was better than his; there was more force and perſuaſion in it, ſhe ſaid; for he could not draw away one of her gueſts, while it was in her power to thin his ſchool, and leave him nothing but the walls to talk to. Socrates gravely replied, that all ſhe ſaid might well be; for philoſophy was like tugging up the hill, and went ſomewhat *againſt the grain;* but lewdneſs was rolling downwards, and the motion might be pleaſant at firſt, though a man broke his bones at the bottom of the fall. GATAKER.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

PROPOSAL OF A GENERAL NAME FOR THE UNITED STATES.

MR. PERSE,

IN caſting my eye over the new edition of Dr. MORSE's *American Gazetteer*, I obſerve by his preface, that he has introduced the word FREDONIA, as a general name by which to deſignate our country. With a deſign, he ſays, merely to bring the ſubject fairly before the public, he has given an example in the Appendix to his work, to ſhow the convenience of ſuch a name. The author appears to prefer this name to *America* or *Columbia*, only becauſe it "runs more happily through all the variations, important in a generic name." This, I admit, is a weighty conſideration in a *national name*; but an additional one of ſome importance may be derived from the *etymology* of the word.

In an ingenious publication on this ſubject, in the newſpapers ſome time ſince, aſcribed to Dr. MITCHILL of New-York, in which it was propoſed to call our country FREDON, or FREDONIA, the author ſays the word "may mean, a *free-gift*; or any *thing done freely*, or the land of *free privileges and doings*." But in looking into the *Achaiological Gloſſary* of that learned Engliſh law antiquary, Sir HENRY SPELMAN, I found the words *Freda*, *Fredum*, *Fredus*, the explanations of which were ſo curious, and, at the ſame time, ſo conſonant to the above ſubject, and to our national denominations, that I have thought it proper to tranſlate the paſſage, and to ſend it to you, with ſome remarks, for publication in your uſeful periodical work. The three words, abovementioned, expreſs preciſely the ſame meaning in the feminine, neuter and maſculine genders. In ancient charters and laws, theſe words ſignified the *fine* or *mulct*, or rather *compoſition money*, or *redemption money*, which an offender paid either to the treaſury, or to the magiſtrate, for the purpoſe of making up the breach, and obtaining his peace.

The fine alſo, which was paid by a delinquent to the king, as a ſatisfaction, or atonement for having violated his peace, was called his *fredum*. As the radical Saxon word *fride* ſignifies "*peace*," the fine paid in all theſe caſes, might be called his *peace-offering*.

This *fredum*, *mulct*, or *peace-money*, was demanded, as well in caſes of breach of the peace, without force, as with it. For every violation of the king's rule or law was ſaid to be a breach of his peace. Hence a *fredum* was exacted, both from a plaintiff, who brought a frivolous, or tortuous action, *pro falſo clamore;* and from a convict, becauſe of the wrong, which he had perpetrated. And this was his peace-offering, which procured his reconcilement with his ſovereign. This word, my author obſerves, was never current in England, and became obſolete on the continent after the age of the Emperor Frederic II. Now the application of theſe terms of feudal law, as employed in the courts of the middle ages of Europe, to the United States, is obvious and natural.

As an individual of old, who had incurred the diſpleaſure of his lord or ſovereign, paid his *fredum*, and was reſtored to peace again; ſo our nation in the late revolution, not indeed for any fault of theirs, having fallen under the frowns and hoſtile operations of Great Britain, actually paid a large *fredum* of blood and treaſure, and was afterwards by an honourable treaty in 1783, reſtored to peace and independence.

From *rebels* and *traitors* againſt their ſovereign, (epithets as undeſerved, as they are reproachful,) our valiant and heroic countrymen, with their ſwords, and by their treaſure, paid the price of peace, and were thus transformed into a nation of *Fredes*, or to ſpeak more rhetorically, into a nation of *Fredonians*, whoſe country, of courſe, ſhould be called *Fredonia*. Let any one, who objects to this name for his country, ſuggeſt a better.

A NATIONAL MAN.

For the Monthly Anthology.

MEMOIR OF MRS. INCHBALD.*

BIOGRAPHERS have frequently remarked, that the lives of literary characters are ſeldom attended with extraordinary incidents: or, if their peculiar adventures be ever ſo noble and difficult, they are beyond the comprehenſion and obſervance of the common multitude, and will therefore, in vain, demand

* It will be perceived, that much of this memoir it taken *verbatim* from that in a work entitled "Public Characters."

attention from any but the fond admirers of their works. But the ſubject of the preſent memoir, who has been long known both here, and in her native country, as an ingenious Dramatiſt, an engaging Noveliſt, and a conciliating advocate of pure morality, may be adduced in oppoſition to the preceding remark. The heroines of fiction, whoſe actions are reſtrained within the limits of probability, can rarely enter a more wonderful career of life, than that of Mrs. Inchbald. A circumſtantial detail however cannot be here pretended. Nothing more will be offered than a brief epitome of thoſe anecdotes and narratives, which have, at ſeveral times, been publiſhed by her profeſſed acquaintances.—Should the fair reader frown at the recital of theſe romantic adventures, ſhe is entreated to direct her attention chiefly to their happy events ; but if ſhe liſten with an approving ſmile, ſhe is likewiſe requeſted to conſider, that thoſe wild and whimſical attempts, which depend almoſt entirely on the aid of miracles for honourable ſucceſs, muſt not be viewed for imitation. The principal deſign in collecting this curſory account is to gratify the inquiſitive with a hiſtory of a ſingular perſonage, who by madly daring to ſeek, has fortunately attained her object ; and who by greatly reſolving and perſevering with fortitude, has at length become a conſpicuous ornament to her ſex.

Mrs. Inchbald, whoſe maiden name was Elizabeth Simpſon, was born in the year 1756, near Bury St. Edmund's,* in the county of Suffolk. Her father, a reputable farmer in that place, died while ſhe was an infant ; but her mother, a diſcreet and intelligent woman, continued to occupy the farm, and managed her family with reſpectable decency. Her children, who were conſiderably numerous, were all remarkably handſome, but Elizabeth was diſtinguiſhed as eminently beautiful. Nature however ſtill leaves her beſt works unfiniſhed : Miſs Simpſon had ſo great an impediment in her ſpeech, that all ſhe attempted to utter was unintelligible to thoſe, who had not been accuſtomed to hear her. This misfortune ſo much intimidated her before ſtrangers, and preyed ſo eagerly on her ſpirits, that in her earlieſt days ſhe became averſe to ſociety and ſought the deepeſt ſecluſion, where "melancholy marked her for her own."

* Or St. Edmundſbury.

Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and ſhe particularly delighted in ſuch, as contained deſcriptions of life directly oppoſite to her own. Thus it generally happens, that they, who are in the immediate enjoyment of ſolitude, are captivated by the ideal pleaſures of active ſociety; while thoſe, who are buffeting the rude gales of life in the acquiſition of fortune or dignity, ſigh for the felicities of retirement.—Reading, however, awakened her curioſity, which at length became ſo active, that ſhe, at the age of thirteen, was heard to declare; "ſhe would rather die, than live any longer without ſeeing the world." Deſirous of ſeeing thoſe manners and faſhions, of which ſhe had often read in newſpapers and magazines, and, above all, of viſiting the metropolis, of which young minds commonly retain the moſt romantic conceptions, ſhe propoſed many plans for accompliſhing her purpoſe; but theſe were always rejected by her friends, and ſhe was peremptorily forbidden to indulge a thought ſo dangerous to her own ſafety and to the peace of the family.

But this deſire increaſed with her years, and ſhe reſolved to effect by ſtratagem the deſign which ſhe could not execute by permiſſion. She was now ſixteen years old, and was become ſtill more beautiful: her hair was of that bright golden colour, ſo much celebrated by poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of lovelineſs itſelf; her eyes were dark, and her teeth perfectly white; ſhe was tall, and the ſymmetry of her perſon was elegant and correſpondent to every deſcription of perfect drawing.—Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, ſhe ſtole away unperceived by any of the family, furniſhed only with a few neceſſaries, which ſhe had previouſly packed up in a bandbox, and ran about two miles acroſs ſome fields to the London road, where with an indeſcribable perturbation ſhe waited for the coming of the ſtage coach, which ſoon conveyed her to "that ſpot of glory and that world of wo," the metropolis.

Elopements uſually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-ſick girl ſhould riſk every thing for the man ſhe loves, is ſurely not very wonderful; but, that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, deſtitute not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, ſhould

"Wander forth to ſee the world alone,"

is an incident far more congenial to the page of fiction, than to that of ſober hiſtory. But the moſt romantic projects of youth are ſeldom formed without a reference to the accompliſhment of ſome rational purpoſe, or to the attainment of ſome particular pleaſure. Curioſity after every thing worthy of curioſity, and that knowledge of the world, which is ſo frequently extolled as the moſt deſirable acquirement, induced this fair adventurer to adopt a conduct, which, at firſt view, appears to be ſingular indiſcretion. She did not, however, leave her home without ſome ſettled plan. She had often heard her family mention the wife of a tradeſman, who was a diſtant relation. This relation ſhe determined to viſit, imagining that, after having made herſelf known, ſhe ſhould be permitted to remain under her care, till ſhe had gratified that curioſity, which had prompted her to this extraordinary undertaking, and for which ſhe intended to ſolicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this aſylum. But, alas, no aſylum was open! On arriving at the houſe, ſhe had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by perſons related to her.—They had retired from buſineſs, and had taken a reſidence in Wales.

It was near ten at night, when Miſs Simpſon received theſe diſmal tidings. The ſurpriſe and anxiety, diſcovered in her countenance, drew the attention of thoſe, to whom ſhe was ſpeaking. She appeared before them haraſſed, alarmed, and evidently without a place of ſhelter. She confeſſed her ſituation, and requeſted they would permit her to ſtay, till ſhe could conſider whither to go, for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the houſe complied with her requeſt. This civility, more than her ſituation, filling her eyes with tears, her hoſpitable entertainers then invited her to continue with them through the night. They likewiſe deſired her to make herſelf eaſy with ſo much good-nature and kindneſs, as to raiſe in her mind ſuſpicions more alarming, than any that ſhe had yet conceived on finding herſelf in London without a friend to protect her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly derived from the peruſal of novels, ſhe had read too many ſtories of the various arts of ſeduction to attribute ſuch particular civilities to any

other motive than ſeducing artifice. Her ſuſpicion of their evil deſign was confirmed on recollecting that ſhe heard the people in the ſhop whiſper, as ſhe paſſed through it,—"how beautiful!" and that the coachman, on receiving his fare and leaving her to their protection, ſignificantly bade them "make the moſt of her."—What more fully convinced her was the entrance of an elderly, corpulent woman ſo exactly anſwerable to the common deſcriptions, in novels, of a procureſs, that our heroine immediately ſaw her ſafety dependent on another elopement. Seizing her band-box, ſhe ſilently and ſuddenly ruſhed out of the houſe, leaving the good people, in the midſt of their tenderneſs and compaſſion, to ſtare on each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Fatigued at length in her hurried flight, ſhe ſtopped a moment to reſt her box on a poſt in the ſtreet. The horrors of her ſituation now preſented themſelves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night without expoſing herſelf to the arts and impoſitions of licentious men, or of mercenary women, ſhe thought would be impracticable without recourſe to ſtratagem; for the unexperienced are too apt to conclude, that deceit and artifice can be counteracted only by their own inſtruments. After ruminating ſome time, the thought was ſuggeſted, that could ſhe conceal the circumſtance of her being a *country* girl, ſhe would have nothing to dread from thoſe, whom ſhe conſidered as the unprincipled and inhuman deſtroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting how ſhe might be queſtioned under any aſſumed character, ſhe ſpiritedly entered the firſt houſe, which ſhe ſaw exhibit—"*Lodgings to let*," pretending that ſhe was "a milliner's apprentice, accuſtomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, becauſe her miſtreſs, having unexpectedly a number of viſitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds." The people, to whom ſhe addreſſed this tale, expreſſed their doubts of its veracity; and while ſhe was ſtrongly aſſerting its truth, ſhe turned her head and beheld the ſame tradeſman, from whoſe houſe ſhe had juſt eſcaped, an attentive auditor to her new ſtory. He had followed his uncommon viſitor, and, confronting her with the

relation ſhe had given him of her being juſt arrived from the country, gave her a ſenſe of ſhame, which had hitherto been an utter ſtranger to her boſom.

In this dilemma, the unfortunate wanderer ſharply caſt her eye on the band-box and meditated another elopement. She was ſtopped in her attempt, and the door was locked. As a detected impoſtor, ſhe was now obliged to endure the harſh menaces of thoſe around her, who threatened her with impriſonment, unleſs ſhe diſcovered her abettors and the end propoſed by her impoſition. Reduced to this extremity, ſhe again had recourſe to ſincerity, and, in tears, once more candidly confeſſed who and what ſhe was; proteſting that her own preſervation, rather than the wrong of another, induced her to uſe the falſehoods, of which ſhe was guilty. But truth was now of little avail: her hearers treated it as another inſtance of prevarication; and the woman of the houſe, with a ſavage love of honeſty, was on the point of ordering a conſtable, when a ſudden exclamation withdrew the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years old, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the diſtreſs, and moved by the ſupplications of the lovely wanderer, cried on ſeeing her cry, and declared to his mother, that he would never go to ſchool again, if ſhe would not let the young lady go without her ſending for a conſtable. This oratory proved irreſiſtible, and the outrageous juſtice of the woman ſubſided. Our poor adventurer, after being inſultingly adviſed to *repent*, was turned out of doors near midnight, and was left alone to wander in the ſtreets of London.

Expoſed to thoſe inſults, which females uſually encounter, when they walk unprotected in the ſtreets at that hour, Miſs Simpſon roamed, where chance directed, till the clock ſtruck two. At this time ſhe found herſelf at Holborn bridge, and ſaw a ſtage coach ſetting off for York; hearing, at the ſame time, the coachman tell a perſon, who aſked for a place, that there was none to be ſpared, it immediately occurred to her to aſk the ſame queſtion; and on receiving the ſame anſwer, ſhe applied for lodging at the inn, as a diſappointed paſſenger. This ſcheme happily ſucceeded; but not without evident ſuſpicions of her character on the part of her hoſt and hoſteſs.

Theſe ſuſpicions however afforded her the conſolation of an aſſurance, that ſhe had nothing to apprehend in this houſe, where her youth and beauty ſeemed the only bar to a kind reception. The landlady took the precaution even to lock the door of the wretched chamber, where ſhe was permitted to ſleep, and, like a careful duenna, wiſely put the key in her pocket.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MR. EDITOR,

OBSERVING in ſome late numbers of your publication ſeveral detached articles entitled *Selections*, *Scraps*, and *Looſe Paragraphs*, and knowing that ſuch ſhort articles are often preferred by many readers to longer and more elaborate eſſays, I feel an inclination to offer you a few monthly portions of my own *manuale*. In theſe, if you accept them, you will probably find, that whatever is beſt, is mine no otherwiſe than by choice. When I comment on what is ſelected, it is not done with a pretenſion, that others cannot ſpeak, on the ſame occaſion, with more intelligence, more wit, or more gravity. The paragraphs, which I inſert, as entirely my own, you may preſerve, or obliterate, according to your opinion of their deſert. P. S.

THE COLLECTANEA;

OR MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.—*No. I.*

DOES KNOWLEDGE PROMOTE HAPPINESS?

ACTUAL doubts reſpecting the true worth of knowledge are, perhaps, the moſt obvious feature of human imbecility. But it cannot be ſuppoſed, that ſuch doubts are ever ſincerely profeſſed by thoſe, who have liberally taſted its ſoul-enriching ſtream. Yet, as every bleſſing, allotted to man, is more or leſs expoſed to abuſe, knowledge has ſometimes become the ſport of ſhallow ſatire, and preſumptuous wit. Theſe have often emboldened the conceited witling to argue, that ignorance is the beſt nurſe of inſenſibility, and inſenſibility is the ſureſt protector from miſery.—Nay, ingenuous minds have ſometimes bewailed the enlargement of the ſcenes of deformity and evil by the illumination of ſcience.—Prior, whoſe mind was much enlightened by learning and genius, and who was naturally inclined to cheer-

fulneſs, in a darkling moment once freely expreſſed this beguiling and poiſonous ſentiment:

"If we ſee right, we ſee our woes;
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wiſe!"

We may, however, ſafely conclude, that, after exploring the whole world of literature, we ſhould ſtill be unable to find any one, who has employed ſound reaſoning in defence of ignorance. They, who willingly plead her cauſe, muſt be thoſe, and thoſe alone, who ſeldom digreſs from her idle and barren paths. Ignorance and inſenſibility, it is true, blind us to innumerable evils, the ſight or experience of which we never ſhould ſuffer, were they not unveiled by the light of knowledge. But is it not the univerſal conſent of mankind, that good and evil are found in this world to be generally mingled in equal proportions? If knowledge amplifies our experience of evil, does ſhe not then in an equal, if not in an exceeding degree, increaſe our enjoyment of good? Beſide increaſing our ſenſibility to her additional good, knowledge equally ſtrengthens our averſion and power for reſiſting or avoiding evil. She teaches us the right paths of life, and the beſt method of ſhunning or enduring the miſeries that are neceſſarily incident. The ways of knowledge, therefore, are the ways that lead to the ſureſt happineſs, and they who walk therein may

——————"with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the reliſh of their ſouls."

THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

THE benefits, that reſult from ſtudying the ancient claſſics, are great and manifold. It is univerſally granted by all, who know them, that the Greek and Roman languages exhibit the moſt ingenious and perfect grammar, which has ever yet been exerciſed, or invented by man. The uſeful employment, which the learning of theſe languages affords to the mind of the ſtu-

dent, and the rich reward for the labour in their acquiſition, are ſo ably pointed out by Dr. Barrow, in his late and excellent eſſay on education, that the paſſage, which is here tranſcribed, ought to be known and accepted with gratitude by every youth, who aſpires to literary diſtinction. *Legat, qui nunquam legit; quique legit, bis, terque relegat.*

"The ſtudy of the claſſics, from the firſt application to the tenſes and declenſions of their language, to the laſt peruſal of their ſublimeſt poetry, is admirably calculated to employ, to enlarge, and to improve all the faculties of the human mind. The habits of application, indeed, which theſe ſtudies require, are valuable in every point of view. They equally prepare the youth for the immediate acquiſition of ſcience, and the future tranſactions of life; for the purſuit of wiſdom, and the practice of virtue.

"That the memory is continually ſtrengthened by exerciſe is univerſally admitted; and that it is in a great degree formed and created by it, has ſometimes been plauſibly maintained. The *repetitions* of the ſchool-boy, therefore, are intended, not merely to aſſiſt him in the acquiſition of a language, by fixing a given number of its words in his mind; but to augment and improve the faculty, on which his future knowledge muſt depend.

"The imagination is perhaps originally formed, and it is certainly enriched, by the accumulation of ideas in the mind; and claſſical literature not only furniſhes many, which cannot elſewhere be found; but, while it enlarges the number, corrects and regulates the ſtores which it ſupplies. Of all our faculties, indeed, our taſte appears to derive from this ſource the greateſt improvement. By employing ſo much time and attention upon the poliſhed models of compoſition, left us by the ſcholars of antiquity, the moſt elaborate and the moſt elegant works, which human ingenuity is known to have produced, the mind acquires a ſtandard of judgment, an intuitive perception of beauties and defects, which can by no other means be obtained; and which, when once poſſeſſed, cannot afterwards be loſt. Upon this, indeed, depends, in a great degree, our ſenſibility to literary excellence; much of the pleaſure, with which we are

afterwards to read; and not a little of the ability, with which we are to write.

"The ſtudy of the claſſics muſt naturally be the beſt foundation for the ſtudy of languages in general. The knowledge of one grammar will always facilitate the acquiſition of another; and the languages in queſtion not only poſſeſs the greateſt regularity and preciſion in their grammatical ſtructure, but have the additional advantage of being no longer ſubject to fluctuation or corruption. Securely depoſited in the monuments, which the ſages of antiquity have erected, the reward of the benefits to be derived from them to all future ages will be the immortality they have deſerved. What theory would teach us to expect, is found by experience to be true, that he who is already acquainted with the Greek and Roman tongues, attains thoſe of the modern nations of Europe, with an eaſe and rapidity, which other ſtudents have in vain attempted to rival."

SENSIBILITY,

WHEN it proceeds from right principles of taſte, and is happily tempered by reaſon, is ſurely one of the moſt amiable and delighting qualities of the heart. There is yet another kind of ſenſibility, which, though at firſt view, it may bear a reſemblance to the former, cannot fail of ſoon yielding its nauſeous effects, by its ſilly and untimely operations. In the following lines, extracted from a work* attributed to the Reverend P. Smyth of Oxford, this mockery of taſte and ſentiment is very juſtly expoſed to ridicule and contempt.

"Hence, Senſibility! fantaſtic maid,
Of joy and ſorrow equally afraid;
Why com'ſt thou thus to brave a life of ſtorm?
So thin thy veſture, and ſo frail thy form!
Say, doſt thou love by Cinthia's dubious light
Near ſome lone tomb to ſit a wo-worn ſprite;
Charm'd the ſad ſonnet's melody to hear,
And ſmile and ſhudder at the midnight air!
Doſt thou delight o'er nature's vivid ſcene
To caſt the yellow tints of ſickly ſpleen!

* A volume entitled Rhyme and Reaſon.

Go, impotent of body and of mind,
Thy aching temples with the night-ſhade bind;
Haſte to the hermit's and the friar's cell,
There on your ſelf-taught woes in rapture dwell;
There uſeleſs to a world you thus deplore,
Join in his ſighs, and add one blockhead more:
There, for yourſelf, pour forth this pray'r to heav'n—
That ſins of diſcontent may be forgiv'n."

THOU ART A CRITIC!

KNOWEST thou more than he, whoſe merits thou attempteſt to decide? Haſt thou genius more improved, or taſte more refined than he, whom thou calleſt dull and inſipid? Will a plan of thy own deviſing be more efficacious? will truth more amiably, or impreſſively come from thy pen, or can thy imagination more plauſibly theorize? Canſt thou, in any way, amend the work of him, whom thou reproveſt? If thou canſt not conſcientiouſly affirm theſe interrogations; who made thee a judge of what thou knoweſt not, and of what thou canſt not perform—thou hypocrite of the firſt magnitude!

SEE YONDER SOLEMN FOF!

HE and you were once in the ſame condition; and there, by his conduct, he confeſſed you to be his equal. Speak to him, and aſk why he ſtalks thus haughtily before you? He, with a look of diſdain, ſays he is above you; he has more money, better apparel, and a higher parentage than you poſſeſs. He alſo ſwears, that he is handſomer than you, and is more beloved by certain frail mortals, whom he calls ladies. He farther inſiſts, that he oftener gets drunk, talks more fooliſhly, and blaſphemes more genteelly than you ever did, or ever can do. He damns your learning and your virtue, and then ſtruts on. A ſtorm frolics, and his ſhips are ſunken. A fire ſports, and his treaſure is diſſipated. A wind blows, and his fields are blighted. All his proſpects are withered! Where are his friends? Alas, what is he now!

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

IN oblivion's quiet reign,
Night has now with leaden chain
Bound the angry fiends of toil ;
While round ſhe caſts a pitying frown,
Sweet peace regains her lovely crown,
And fretful cares recoil.

Come at this thy wonted hour,
Genial ſleep, oft dreaded power !
Deathlike ! thee I hail with joy.
With ſpells arreſt the fright'ning train,
That follow life's wild race of pain,
And ſoothing charms employ.

Oft thou ſhunn'ſt the timid breaſt,
Or in deepen'd horror dreſt,
Com'ſt where guilt, of gorgon mien,
Is, with her countleſs Elfin ſwarm,
That vainly change their hideous form,
By quicken'd conſcience ſeen.

Yet, while adverſe thunders dart
Livid terrors to the heart,
Thine approach is ever dear,
Where'er, by fortitude ſuſtain'd,
The ſeraph, virtue, rule has gain'd,
Though death be in thy rear.

Under thy expanded veil
Tent me from life's chilling gale ;
Strengthen'd I again will ſteer

Along this flinty, desert road,
While innocence relieves my load,
Estrang'd to shame and fear.

ESPER.

PURITY OF THOUGHT,

THE CONSUMMATION OF PUREST PLEASURES.

WILL Flora shed her lively bloom,
Or zephyr breathe its rich perfume,
When winter clothes the earth with snow,
And bids the northern tempest blow?

Will cherub peace her charms impart,
Or smiling pleasure cheer the heart,
When guilty thoughts infest the soul,
That owns not virtue's mild control?

Beneath the heat of vernal skies,
The flow'ret's charms are taught to rise;
Within the tranquil pious breast
Alone will guiltless pleasure rest.

Vainly our fleeting hours we waste
In search of joys, we ne'er can taste,
Unless we lean on virtue's side,
And follow where her counsels guide.

In dissipation's giddy round,
No pure enjoyment e'er is found;
There vice with syren voice beguiles,
And lures to ruin with her smiles.

But sweet the pleasures of the mind,
To purity of thought inclin'd;
Its living lustre ne'er will fade,
Though fortune frown, or age invade.

For when misfortune spreads her gloom,
Beneath the shade, its charms will bloom;

When time has crown'd the head with ſnow,
Within the cheering flame will glow.

Then ſhould we ſtrive with watchful art
To quell each rebel of the heart;
To wiſdom's rule our wills incline;—
Her ways with peace and pleaſure ſhine.

Thus may we here that bliſs enjoy,
Which time nor fate can e'er deſtroy,
And taſte thoſe heavenly ſtreams above,
Whoſe fountain is eternal love.

ALCANDER.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

AH death, couldſt thou no worthleſs victim find,
Nor one, whoſe wintry locks proclaim'd his years,
That thou didſt ſeize the youth of generous mind,
Whoſe modeſt worth his memory endears?

Might not the caſtle, tottering in the air,
Have been o'erthrown thy fury to aſſuage?
Why need the fabric newly built and fair,
Be ſwept away by thy impetuous rage?

Behold yon noxious weeds, that ſmile around,
And by a waſte of dews and ſun-beams ſhine!
Might not thy ſcythe have cut them to the ground,
And ſpar'd the garden's pride, the healthful vine?

I know thee well, thou tyrant of the grave!
Full many a time I've mark'd thy paſſing bier;
Nor youth nor virtue from thy graſp can ſave,
Both fall before thee in thy mad career.

"My mad career?" (I heard the monſter cry,
While ſtill my lips were murm'ring for the youth,)
"I'm but the viceroy of the King on high;
And his commands are *righteouſneſs* and *truth*."

W.

SONNET.

HOW fair the ſcene, that ſtruck the ſight
Of him, the father of our race;
When firſt the ſun diſplay'd his light,
And ſhew'd the charms of nature's face.

But, oh! what terror pain'd his heart,
When evening's ſhade obſcur'd the day,
Bade ev'ry blooming ſcene depart,
And ſnatch'd the glorious orb away.

So I, when genial friendſhip ſhone,
Beheld her ſmile, with gay delight;
But now, alas, no joy is known,
Since ſhe has fled to cheerleſs night.

The deep'ning gloom I view with mournful pain,
And dare not hope the light will riſe again.

ALCANDER.

Selected.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING.

From the late Collection of Poems by T. WARTON, B. D.

HERE quench your thirſt, and mark in ME
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I beſtow,
Am neither heard nor ſeen to flow;
Yet bounteouſly repaid by Heav'n
For every drop of water given.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BRIEF Retroſpect of the Eighteenth Century, part firſt, in two vols. containing a ſketch of the revolutions and improvements in ſcience, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLAR, A. M. *one of the Miniſters of the United Preſbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.*—T. & J. SWORDS.—*New-York.*

WHEN Dodſley firſt publiſhed the "Annual Regiſter" in Great Britain, the critical reviewers made only this laconic remark; "*A fricaſſe of newſpapers.*" By the ſkill and labour, however, of the literary cooks, who prepared the entertainment, a rich repaſt was provided, and we now ſet down to it, aſſured of enjoying a feaſt of reaſon, compoſed of the fruits of knowledge. There have been other collections of eſſays, or compilations, of which many have deſervedly ſunk into neglect, while a few ſtill remain, which ſuit the taſte of individuals, and are much admired. A retroſpect of the learned labours of authors, the inventions, improvements, and ſchemes of ſpeculative men, will be a work like a compilation, although the title be novel, and the view combined with many critical obſervations of the writer. Mr. Millar, in the preface to his "*Retroſpect of the Eighteenth Century*," claims more than the character of a compiler, and, in our opinion, with much propriety. He has offered his own reflections and reaſoning, and given an hiſtorical ſketch, which none but a man of genius could do ſo well, and which more experience, ſtudy and care, we doubt not, will make ſtill better, in the future editions of his uſeful work. We here ſee the effuſions of a candid and comprehenſive mind, which, though untrained to a regular ſtudy of the ſciences, has acquired very conſiderable knowledge from habits of reading, in the intervals of profeſſional employment; and ſtill more, from converſation and intercourſe with the world. He comes forward a young author, but a voluminous one, in this part of the world, where we ſeldom find a book of ample materials, written by an American, and receiving the public patronage; notwithſtanding pamphlets full of zeal in politics and religion, grammars of all

kinds, eſſays of ſmaller ſize and note, are ſcattered over the country with an unſparing hand.

But we may well ſuppoſe, that a book, which treats on ſuch a variety of ſubjects, and which contains the centurial account of every ſcience, will be in many reſpects ſuperficial; and, that one author is not equal to the attempt. Mr. Millar ſeems fully ſenſible of this, and diſcovers a ſolicitude, which ſhows, that modeſt worth may be united with fine abilities. We honour his frankneſs, when, in his apology for the book, he ſays:

"It is probable, that one of the firſt reflections made by moſt readers of the following pages, will be, that the plan is too extenſive to be executed by any individual; and that it was peculiarly preſumptuous in one of comparatively ſmall reading, and who could not obtain acceſs to ample libraries, to undertake ſuch a work. The author feels the juſtneſs and weight of this reflection; and is ſenſible, that to preſent a full and ſatisfactory view of any one of the departments embraced by this Retroſpect, would be a taſk beyond his powers; would afford abundant employment for a mind much more mature, active and enlightened than his."

A queſtion naturally occurs, why then ſhould a man undertake it? Ought we not to feel conſcious of our ability to perform a thing, before we attempt it?

The author gives an anſwer to this interrogation, which, if not quite ſatisfactory, nevertheleſs intereſts us in his behalf. They who read the whole will not have their expectations fruſtrated, if they have not raiſed them beyond what he promiſes; and we think he has done as much, as we can expect from any individual in the ſame number of pages; or, in other words, that there is as complete a maſs of information collected, without making a diſcrimination between what he has taken from others, and what is peculiarly his own.

We have no heſitation in ſaying, that whoever attentively reads this work may be well acquainted with the improvements in ſcience and literature, which have been made during the laſt century.

In theſe two volumes, which are only One Part of the Four, which the author deſigned, there is a view of *Science*, *Arts*, and

Lettres. In this part he divides the chapters into ſections. Under the head of mechanical philoſophy, which is the ſubject of the firſt chapter, he treats of Electricity, Magnetiſm and Galvaniſm, &c. It is neceſſary to connect the additional note,* upon Galvaniſm, as we ſhall find a more particular account of the late improvements in this faſhionable ſcience. The next is Chemical Philoſophy, which diſplays not only a judicious arrangement, but a luminous view of the ſubject. The third is Natural Hiſtory ; and the fourth Medicine. This is one of the very beſt chapters in the book. A conſiderable extract may be acceptable to our readers, in which we ſhall ſee a graceful eaſe in compoſitiont; this muſt be acknowledged as one of our author's excellencies, and has hitherto rendered him conſpicuous among the beſt writers of his profeſſion.

"*Peſtilential diſeaſes* are ſuppoſed to have greatly abated in frequency and malignity in the courſe of the eighteenth century. This obſervation, however, muſt be underſtood to be chiefly reſtricted to thoſe parts of the world, which, during that period, have been making rapid progreſs in civilization, intelligence and refinement. In many parts of Aſia and Africa, and in European Turkey, it is probable, that little abatement of the ravages of ſuch diſeaſes has actually taken place. The degraded ſtate of man in moſt of the Mahometan countries; the poverty, filth and wretchedneſs, which oppreſs the lower claſſes of people in their crowded cities, and the inattention to cleanlineſs and ventilation, even in the houſes of the moſt opulent, aided by the influence of their doctrine of fataliſm, ſeem to leave them little proſpect of emerging from their preſent condition into one more reſpectable, and exempt from malignant diſeaſes. The contraſt of health and diſeaſe, in the Chriſtian and Mahometan world, while it affords to the pious mind a ſatisfactory confirmation of his faith, furniſhes alſo, to the philoſopher and phyſician, an inſtructive leſſon, in regard to the comparative influence of the reſpective principles and inſtitutions of Chriſtianity and Mahometaniſm.

"The comparative mildneſs and infrequency of peſtilential diſeaſes in Chriſtian Europe, during the late century, are probably owing to a combination of many cauſes. Much may be ſafely aſcribed to improvements in the cleanlineſs and ventilation of houſes, in diet, in apparel, in habits, cuſtoms, and all the modes of life. Cities, which are uſually the great nurſeries of peſtilence, are now leſs crowded than in former ages. The comforts, decencies, and elegancies of life, from a variety of cauſes, are now enjoyed by a greater portion of the community, and in a much higher degree, than in preceding times. To the ſame cauſes, alſo, may be aſcribed the almoſt entire baniſhment of that loathſome diſeaſe, the *Leproſy*, from the civilized

* See page 446.

world, which has been in a great meaſure effected in the courſe of the laſt age.

"The frequent and mortal prevalence of the peſtilential diſeaſe, called *Yellow Fever*, in the cities, and in ſome parts of the country, in the United States, for the laſt ten years, forms a memorable event in the medical hiſtory of this country, during the century which is the ſubject of this Retroſpect. The malignity and ravages of this epidemic impreſſed the public mind with the deepeſt apprehenſions, and undoubtedly gave a new impulſe and vigour to medical inveſtigation. The origin of this diſeaſe has been warmly conteſted in the United States, in the Weſt-Indies, and in Europe. While many maintain that it is produced by the exhalations of putrefaction, whether ſuch putrefaction be found in the filth of cities, of marſhy grounds, or of veſſels on the water; others, on the contrary, aſſert, that it is always produced by contagion emitted from the ſick labouring under the diſeaſe, and ſucceſſively propagated from one perſon to another. The latter opinion ſeems to be faſt loſing ground among the better informed part of the medical profeſſion, and of the public; while the evidence in ſupport of the former is accumulated, and rendered more luminous and irreſiſtible, by the occurrences of every epidemic ſeaſon.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY CATALOGUE
OF
New Publications in the United States, for March, 1804.

NEW WORKS.

Diſcourſes to Young Perſons, by the late Rev. JOHN CLARKE, D. D. miniſter of the Firſt Church in Boſton, 1 vol. 12mo.—HALL and HILLER—*Boſton.*

Theſe Sermons, which are now firſt publiſhed, were in the courſe of his miniſtry, delivered by their author to his congregation. They are directed to a variety of practical and very important ſubjects; and in point of compoſition, they are no way derogatory to the acknowledged learning and talents of that worthy preacher.

The Conſtitutionaliſt; addreſſed to men of all parties in the United States; by an AMERICAN. Pamph. 8vo.—H. MAXWELL—*Philadelphia.*

Abridgment of the Laws of Pennſylvania, being a complete Digeſt of all ſuch Acts of Aſſembly as concern the Commonwealth at large, by *COLLISON READ*, Eſq. *Volume II.*—H. MAXWELL.—*Philadelphia.*

The public are reſpectfully informed, that in addition to the general laws of the ſtate, the preſent volume contains a complete digeſt of all the acts now in force for the relief of inſolvent debtors.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Commercial Dictionary, containing the present state of Mercantile Law, Practice and Custom; by JOSHUA MONTEFIORE, *Author of "Commercial Precedents," &c. The first American edition, with very considerable additions relative to the Laws, Usages and Practice of the United States.* 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* J. HUMPHREYS.—*Philadelphia.*

In the preface, we are presented with the following account, and just observations on this valuable work.

"The author has selected his materials from the enactments of the legislature, and the reporters and commercial writers of the most acknowledged authority. He has freely availed himself of the voluminous library of the lawyer, and the assistance of mercantile men; together with that great mass of information, which the increased commerce of this country has produced *during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century*, and which has never yet been presented to the public in such a systematic form, as reduces the general result of this combined intelligence into moderate compass, and adapting it to the use of the *counting-house*, as well as to the *library* of the *Statesman* and *Scholar*.

"His arrangement he conceives to be the best calculated for perspicuous communication and practice; the form of a Dictionary suggested itself as calculated to the end proposed; this mode has also the additional advantage of enabling him to treat more copiously on subjects of greater comparative interest. Hence it may perhaps be found, that the important heads of Bankruptcy, Bills of Exchange, Customs, Excise, Exports, Imports, Insurance, Law of Nations, Navigation, Plantations, and Shipping, are an incorporation of complete systems; for the length of which the compiler knows he needs no apology to his *professional*, and he trusts his *commercial* readers will not require any."

We may add, that these volumes will not only prove, in the highest degree, useful to the merchant and trader, but will be found a very interesting *cyclopedia* of economical and important information to every gentleman.

Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, by ELIZABETH HAMILTON, *author of "Memoirs of Modern Philosophers," &c.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* B. JOHNSON.—*Philadelphia.*

Village Sermons, or plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for the use of families, Sunday schools, or companies assembled for religious instruction in Country Villages; by GEORGE BURDER. 2 vols. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—*Philadelphia.*

Philosophical and Critical Enquiries concerning Christianity, translated from the French of C. BONNET. 1 vol. 12mo. W. W. WOODWARD.—*Philadelphia.*

Universal History, ancient and modern, from the earliest records of time to the general peace of 1801, by WILLIAM MAVOR, Vicar of Hurley and Chaplain to the Earl of Dumphries. 25 vols. 12mo.—S. F. BRADFORD—*Philadelphia.*

☞ *We learn, that only the six first volumes of this work are at present ready for sale.*

The American Gazetteer, exhibiting a full account of the Civil Divisions, Rivers, Harbours, Indian Tribes, &c. of the American Continent, also of the West India, and other appendant Islands; and a particular description of Louisiana, compiled from the best authorities, by J. MORSE, D.D. A.A.S. S.H.S. author of the "American Universal Geography;"—illustrated with maps, —*Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged;* 1 vol. 8vo. THOMAS & ANDREWS—*Boston.*

Poems ; viz. the Spleen, the Grotto, &c. by MATTHEW GREEN.—1 vol. 12mo. H. SPRAGUE and others—*Boſton.*

The Temple of Nature ; or the Origin of Society ; a Poem, with Philoſophical Notes ; by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.—T. & J. SWORDS.—*New-York.*

This is the ſecond American impreſſion of that pleaſing and popular work, which, but a little more than three months ago, firſt arrived to this country.

The Review ; or, the Waggs of Windſor ; a Drama by G. COLMAN.—D. LONGWORTH.—*New-York.*

The Domeſtic Encyclopedia ; or, a Dictionary of Facts and Uſeful Knowledge ; comprehending a conciſe view of the lateſt Diſcoveries, Inventions, and Improvements, chiefly applicable to Rural and Domeſtic Economy ; together with deſcriptions of the moſt intereſting objects of Nature and Art, the hiſtory of Men and Animals, in a ſtate of Health or Diſeaſe ; and practical hints reſpecting the Arts and Manufactures, both familiar and commercial.—Illuſtrated with numerous Engravings and Cuts.—By A. F. M. WILLICH, M. D. *Author of the Lectures on Diet and Regimen, &c. &c.*—Firſt American edition. With additions, applicable to the preſent ſituation of the United States ; by JAMES MEASE, M. D.—T. & J. SWORDS—*New-York.*

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE lively zeal, which prevails among the Bookſellers of Philadelphia, for rivaling thoſe of London in their beauty and excellence of printing, deſerves our grateful attention and praiſe. They have lately produced ſeveral ſpecimens of workmanſhip, which ſtrongly evince their ability for accompliſhing their worthy deſign. It is to be earneſtly hoped, that their example may become widely influential, and tend to enliven a ſimilar emulation in the profeſſors of other arts.

H. MAXWELL and T. S. MANNING will publiſh, in the courſe of the preſent month, the firſt volume of the works of Shakeſpeare. This edition they attempt under the patronage of ſubſcribers ; and they propoſe it, as the moſt complete and elegant, that has ever yet been undertaken in America. It will be copied from

the laſt London edition, of 1803, compriſing the corrections and illuſtrations of various commentators, together with the notes of Dr. Johnſon and G. Stevens, reviſed and augmented by I. Reid with a Gloſſarial Index.—The following is a ſummary of their

TERMS:

This edition of Shakeſpeare will be contained in ſixteen crown-octavo vols.

It will be printed in a ſtyle, eminently beautiful, on a fine cream-coloured woven paper, with a type entirely new, and caſt for the purpoſe.

The proprietors pledge themſelves, that it ſhall ſurpaſs the London edition in neatneſs of mechanical execution, and rival it in fidelity and correctneſs.

It will be printed under the immediate direction and ſuperintendance of an Editor, aſſiſted by ſeveral men of letters.

The price to ſubſcribers will be 1 dollar 50 cents per volume in boards; to non-ſubſcribers 1 dollar 75 cents.

To suit the economy or the taſte of different purchasers, an edition will be printed in a compressed, cheap and portable form, without the notes, in 8 vols. 12mo. price 1 dollar per vol. in boards.

It is contemplated to print one volume every month, from the time of commencement until the work be completed.

The proprietors sanguinely hope, that the liberality of the public will be conspicuous in the support of a work of a ſingular magnitude, to which intense labour and great expense are neceſſarily incident.

IT may be pleaſing to the amateurs of literary Hiſtory, who have not previouſly obtained this intelligence, to mention, that in November laſt the long expected elaborate work of GODWIN on the *Life* and *Times* of GEOFRY CHAUCER, was actually publiſhed. It comprehends views of the progreſs of ſociety, manners and the Fine Arts, from the dawn of literature in modern Europe to the cloſe of the fourteenth century, with characters of the principal perſonages in the courts of Edward, the third, and Richard, the ſecond.

Meſſrs. W. PELHAM, MANNING & LORING, and E. LINCOLN, of this town, purpoſe to publiſh a third volume of the Life and Poſthumous Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, which has been recently publiſhed in London, under the editorial direction of Mr. HAYLEY. This publication, conſiſting entirely of poems and letters heretofore unpubliſhed, is probably the laſt that will be offered to the public, and it will be printed in a uniform manner with their preceding volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

CONCLUSION

OF A SKETCH OF THE FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF THE *COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.*

(From page 192.)

Beſide thoſe beautiful paintings which were laſt mentioned, our notice is attracted to theſe elegant Prints—Providence, Happineſs, Wiſdom, Innocence, and Conjugal Affection, &c.

Elegant STATUARY lately received from Paris and Italy; Pope Gangenelli, Dr. Franklin, (elegant Marble buſts); Gen. Bonaparte, Gen. Moreau, (bronzed); Cato, Cicero, Demoſthenes, Homer, Laocoon and Sons, Apollo, Diana, Veſtal Virgin, Venus, &c.—well worthy the attention of the connoiſſeur, and ladies and gentlemen of taſte.

The Buſt of Gangenelli is thought to be the fineſt piece of Sculpture ever ſeen in this country, and is ſaid to have originally coſt (in Rome) 1000 guineas.

Elegant WAX-FIGURES—large as life, viz.—Roman Charity, repreſented by a beautiful Young Woman, nouriſhing her (venerable) Father in Priſon; Peace and War, repreſented by a Figure of a young lady of Boſton, holding an Olive Branch extending towards a large and elegant Painting of the late Gen. Waſhington, and an excellent Figure of Mars; Romeo and Juliet, from one of Shakeſpeare's celebrated tragedies, repreſented by four Figures, and Juliet ſeen riſing from a tomb; King Alfred, repreſented in a group of ſeven Figures, dividing a Loaf between his Queen, four Children, and a poor Pilgrim; the finding of Moſes by king Pharoah's daughter, repreſented by a group of five figures; Bonaparte is ſtrikingly repreſented fixing his ſtandard on the Bridge of Arcole, at the battle of Lodi; the Iriſh Giant and Dwarf are very intereſting Figures; the Giant is handſome and well proportioned, (8 feet 2 inches high); the Dwarf is a handſome *little* fellow, 3 feet high, and well proportioned. An excellent Figure and Likeneſs of the late Rev. Mr. Whitfield, dreſſed in the ſame manner in which he appeared when he preached in this town—&c.

MAMMOTH!—The (carved) Skeleton of the Mammoth is 24 feet in length and 11 feet high!! Which may be juſtly ranked among the *greateſt* Artificial Curioſities: It is an exact model from Mr. Peale's Original Skeleton.

Natural CURIOSITIES.—Among the numerous Collection of Natural Productions, are, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, Serpents, (the ſkin of one is upwards of 20 feet long); Reptiles and Inſects, in fine preſervation. Alſo, a large and elegant Collection of Shells, among which are ſome very curious: with a Collection of Live Birds, &c. &c.

Thus, then, (but few months having elapſed ſince the re-eſtabliſhment of the MUSEUM) we ſee the *beginnings* of Mr. BOWEN's induſtry and magnanimity *again* diſplayed. *Again*, by the Public's liberality and ſupport, Science and Art will here erect ſupernal temples to Genius and Erudition: Here taſte and refinement will expand their beauty, order, elegance and utility.—Something to admire, to imitate, to venerate, and to call forth our ſerious and uſeful contemplations, will here be found.—Liberality will be amply gratified; approbation will be commanded;—and pleaſure and profit derived to all.

With the Public, at large, it remains, to complete this PRIDE of MASSACHUSETTS; this EMULATOR of *European* EXHIBITIONS;—The honour of State and Country *demands* its ſupport.

If the *worthy* and *meritorious* (who ſpare no exertion or expenſe to pleaſe) are deſerving patronage; and the *unfortunate* entitled to aſſiſtance; the Proprietor of the *New* COLUMBIAN MUSEUM will receive the moſt generous encouragement.

MARIANO.

Boſton, 1804.